

Frank Walling

MRS

WALLET

BOOK

1881

1882

1883

1884

Hara
Baccy.

Ghes.

179
273
L37
188

5

ston.
ton.

Baccy.

Hara

lynes.

Fyssh
Tales
I believe.

Fyme
flies.

More

Baccy.

Hookes & I's.

2059/
Colored.

0346

Izaak Walton:
HIS
WALLET
BOOKE



CLV. LV. CCC. LXXXV.

LONDON:

Field & Tuer,
The Leadenhall Press.

Sampson Low, Marston.
Searle, & Rivington.



Imprynted by
Field & Tuer,
London,
t 4,232.



RACES & Prefaces

*cannot be too short :
it is therefore merely
premised that two
centuries have elapsed
since "honest old Izaak" was gathered
to his fathers, & that this collection of
the songs and poesies contained in his
"Compleat Angler" is most respectfully
dedicated to the wel governed Angler,
as well as to the "severe and sower
complexioned."*

C.



1885.





Who taught the lamb
to suck his Mother's
paps?





ORD! who hath praise
enough? Nay, who
hath any?

None can express Thy
works, but he that
knows them;

And none can know Thy works, they are
so many,

And so complete, but only he that owes
them.

We all acknowledge both Thy power and
love

To be exact, transcendent, and divine ;
Who dost so strongly and so sweetly move,
Whilst all things have their end, yet
none but Thine.

Wherefore, most sacred Spirit, I here
present,

For me and all my fellows, praise to
Thee;

And just it is that I should pay the rent,
Because the benefit accrues to me.





OD quicken'd in the sea,
and in the rivers,

So many fishes of so
many features,

That in the waters we
may see all creatures,

Even all that on the earth are to be found,
As if the world were in deep waters
drown'd.

For seas—as well as skies—have sun,
moon, stars ;

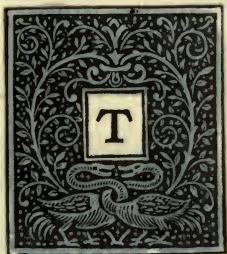
As well as air—swallows, rooks, and stares ;



As well as earth—vines, roses, nettles,
melons,
Mushrooms, pinks, gilliflowers, and many
millions
Of other plants, more rare, more strange
than these,
As very fishes living in the seas ;
As also rams, calves, horses, hares and
hogs,
Wolves, urchins, lions, elephants, and dogs ;
Yea, men and maids ; and, which I most
admire,
The mitred bishop and the cowlèd friar ;
Of which, examples, but a few years since,
Were shown the Norway and Polonian
prince.







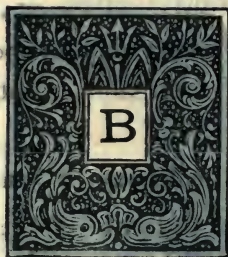
HE adulterous Sargus doth
not only change

Wives every day in the
deep streams, but,
strange !

As if the honey of sea-
love delight

Could not suffice his raging appetite,
Goes courting she-goats on the grassy
shore,
Horning their husbands that had horns
before.





UT contrary, the constant
Cantharus
Is ever constant to his
faithful spouse ;
In nuptial duties spend-
ing his chaste life ;
Never loves any but his own dear wife.





UT for chaste love the
Mullet hath no peer;
For, if the fisher hath
surpris'd her pheer,
[mate],

As mad with woe, to
shore she followeth,

Prest to consort him both in life and death.





HIS day dame Nature
seem'd in love ;

The lusty sap began to
move ;

Fresh juice did stir th'
embracing vines,

And birds had drawn their valentines.

The jealous trout that low did lie,

Rose at a well-dissembled fly ;

There stood my friend with patient skill,

Attending of his trembling quill ;

Already were the eaves possess'd

With the swift Pilgrim's daubèd nest ;

The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice ;
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.

Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow ;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain,
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet ;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.

Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-livery'd year.





LET me live harmlessly,
and near the brink
Of Trent or Avon, have
a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my
quill or cork down sink
With eager bite of perch,
or bleak, or dace ;
And on the world and my Creator think :
Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods
t' embrace ;
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still
pursue,

And on such pleasing fancies feed their
fill,

So I the fields and meadows green may
view,

And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,

Red hyacinth, and yellow daffodil,
Purple Narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culverkeys.

I count it higher pleasure to behold
The stately compass of the lofty sky,
And in the midst thereof, like burning gold,
The flaming chariot of the world's great
eye ;

The watery clouds that, in the air uproll'd,
With sundry kinds of painted colours fly;
And fair Aurora lifting up her head,
Still blushing, rise from old Tithonus' bed.

The hills and mountains raised from the
plains,

The plains extended level with the
ground ;

The grounds divided into sundry veins,

The veins enclos'd with rivers running
round ;

These rivers making way through Nature's
chains

With headlong course into the sea
profound ;

The raging sea, beneath the valleys low,

Where lakes, and rills, and rivulets, do flow.

The lofty woods, the forests wide and long,

Adorn'd with leaves and branches fresh
and green,

In whose cool bowers the birds, with many
a song,

Do welcome with their choir the Sum-
mer's Queen ;

The meadows fair, where Flora's gifts
among

Are intermix'd, with verdant grass
between ;

The silver-scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery
stream.

All these, and many more of His creation
That made the heavens, the Angler oft
doth see ;

Taking therein no little delectation,
To think how strange, how wonderful
they be !

Framing thereof an inward contemplation,
To set his heart from other fancies free ;
And whilst he looks on these with joyful
eye,
His mind is wrapt above the starry sky.



**Yn
Heauen
shal
dwell
Alle
Crysten
Men,**

**Ye
knowe
and
doe
GODS
byddyns
X.**



Many a one
Owes to his country his
religion ;
And in another would as
strongly grow,
Had but his nurse or
mother taught him so.





“



WAS for that time lifted
above earth,

And possess'd joys not
promised in my
birth.”





The Milkmaid's Song.



COME, live with me, and
be my love,
And we will all the
pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, or
hills, or field,
Or woods and steepy mountains yield.

Where we will sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed our flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And then a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle ;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull ;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ;

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come, live with me, and be my love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.







The
Milkmaid's Mother's
Answer.



If all the world and love
were young,
And truth in every Shep-
herd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures
might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold ;
Then Philomel becometh dumb,
And age complains of care to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten ;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy-buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath bless'd, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed—
Had joys no date, nor age no need—
Then those delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.







MARRIED a wife of
late,

The more's my unhappy
fate ;

I married her for love,
As my fancy did me
move,

And not for a worldly estate.

But, oh ! the green sickness
Soon changed her likeness,
And all her beauty did fail.

But 'tis not so,
With those that go,
Through frost and snow,
As all men know,
And carry the milking-pail.





Coridon's Song.



H ! the sweet contentment
The countryman doth
find !

Heigh trolollie lollie loe,
Heigh trolollie lee.

That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind ;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For Courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried ;
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
The City full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride :
 Then care away, &c.

But Oh ! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart ;
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart :
 Then care away, &c.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Grey russet for our wives ;
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.
'Tis warmth, and not gay clothing,
That doth prolong our lives :
 Then care away, &c.

The Ploughman, though he labour
hard,

Yet on the holiday,

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

No Emperor so merrily

Does pass his time away :

Then care away, &c.

To recompense our tillage,

The Heavens afford us showers ;

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

And for our sweet refreshments

The earth affords us bowers:

Then care away, &c.

The cuckoo and the nightingale

Full merrily do sing,

Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c.

And with their pleasant roundelayes

Bid welcome to the Spring :

Then care away, &c.

This is not half the happiness
The Countryman enjoys ;
 Heigh trolollie lollie loe, &c
Though others think they have as
 much,
Yet he that says so lies ;
 Then come away, turn
 Countryman with me.

JO. CHALKHILL.









The Angler's Song.



AS inward love breeds out-
ward talk,

The hound some praise,
and some the hawk ;

Some, better pleas'd
with private sport,

Use tennis ; some a mistress court ;

But these delights I neither wish,

Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride ;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide ;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser ; but who falls in love
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare :
My Angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as Fishing is alone ;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess ;
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate :
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous Trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing sometimes I find
Will captivate a greedy mind ;

And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

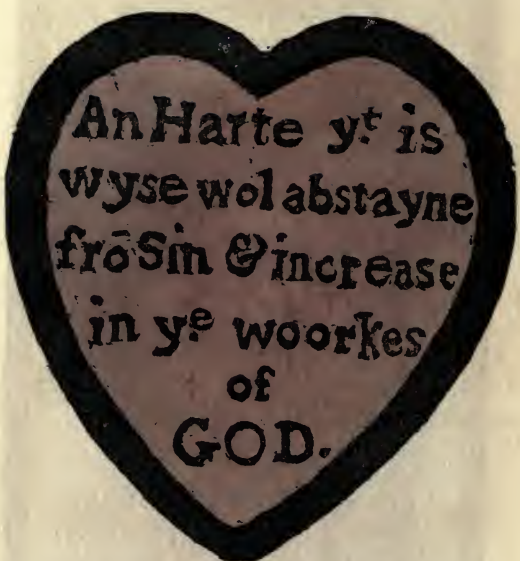
But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast ;
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight :
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Than to my Angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make :
For so our Lord was pleasèd when
He fishers made fishers of men :
Where (which is in no other game)
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon Him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was that He on earth did taste :
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.







An Harte y^t is
wyse wol abstayne
frō Sin & increase
in y^e woorkes
of
GOD.



GOD, not contented to each
kind to give,
And to infuse the virtue
generative,
By His wise power made
many creatures breed

Of lifeless bodies, without Venus' deed.





So the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
Who, in effect, like to her birth's com-
mander,

With child with hundred winters, with her
touch

Quencheth the fire, though glowing ne'er
so much.

So in the fire, in burning furnace, springs
The fly Perausta, with the flaming wings ;
Without the the fire it dies ; in it it joys ;
Living in that which all things else destroys.



So slow Boötes underneath him sees,
In th' icy islands, goslings hatch'd of trees,
Whose fruitful leaves, falling into the water,
Are turn'd, 'tis known, to living fowls soon
after.

So rotten planks of broken ships do change
To barnacles. O transformation strange!
'Twas first a green tree, then a broken hull,
Lately a mushroom, now a flying gull.





When the wind is South,
It blows your bait into
a fish's mouth.





SWEET Day, so cool, so
calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth
and sky,
Sweet dewes shall weep
thy fall to-night—
For thou must die !

Sweet Rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die !

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My music shows you have your closes—
And all must die !

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives !





HAT? *Prayer* by the
Book? and *Common?*
Yes! why not?

The Spirit of Grace
And Supplication,
Is not left free alone
For time and place,

But manner too: to *read*, or *speak*, by
rote,

Is all alike to him that prays
In's heart, what with his mouth he says.

They that in private, by themselves alone
Do pray, may take
What liberty they please,
In choosing of the ways
Wherein to make
Their soul's most intimate affections known
To Him that sees in secret, when
They're most conceal'd from other men.

But he that unto others leads the way
In public prayer,
Should do it so
As all that hear may know
They need not fear
To tune their hearts unto his tongue, and
say,
Amen ! not doubt they were betray'd
To blaspheme, when they meant to have
pray'd.

Devotion will add life unto the letter ;

And why should not
That which authority
Prescribes, esteemèd be
Advantage got ?

If the prayer be good, the commoner the
better ;

Prayer in the Church's *words*, as well
As *sense*, of all prayers bears the bell.

CH. HARVIE.







The Angler's Wish.



IN these flowery meads
would be :

These crystal streams
should solace me ;

To whose harmonious
bubbling noise

I with my Angle would rejoice :

Sit here, and see the turtle-dove,

Court his chaste mate to acts of love :

Or, on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty : please my
mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,
And then, wash'd off by April showers ;
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song ;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a leverock build her nest ;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love :
Thus, free from lawsuits, and the noise
Of prince's Courts, I would rejoice ;



Or, with my Bryan and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set ;
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away ;
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.







RIGHT shines the sun,
play, Beggars, play,
Here's scraps enough
to serve to-day.

What noise of viols is
so sweet,

As when our merry clappers ring?
What mirth doth want when Beggars meet?

A Beggar's life is for a king :
Eat, drink, and play—sleep when we list,
Go where we will—so stocks be mist.

Bright shines the sun ; play, Beggars,
play,

Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.



The world is ours, and ours alone,
For we alone have world at will :
We purchase not—all is our own,
Both fields and streets we Beggars fill :
Nor care to get, nor fear to keep,
Did ever break a Beggar's sleep.
Bright shines the sun ; play, Beggars,
play,
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.

A hundred herds of black and white
Upon our gowns securely feed ;
And yet if any dare us bite,
He dies therefor, as sure as creed.
Thus Beggars lord it as they please,
And only Beggars live at ease.
Bright shines the sun ; play, Beggars,
play,
Here's scraps enough to serve to-day.







Piscator fuge ne nocens, etc.



ANGLER! wouldst thou
be guiltless? then
forbear,
For these are sacred
fishes that swim here;
Who know their sover-
eign, and will lick his hand;
Than which none's greater in the world's
command:
Nay, more, they've names, and when they
callèd are,
Do to their several owners' call repair.





UCIAN, well skilled in
scoffing, this hath
writ,—

Friend, that's your folly,
which you think your
wit,

This, you vent oft, void both of wit and
fear,

Meaning another, when yourself you jeer.







AND when the Salmon seeks
a fresher stream to
find,

Which hither from the
Sea comes yearly by
his kind ;

As he tow'rd's season
grows ; and stems the wat'ry tract
Where Tivy falling down, makes a high
cataract,

Forc'd by the rising rocks that there her
course oppose,

As though within her bounds they meant
her to inclose ;

Here, when the labouring fish does at the
foot arrive,

And finds that by his strength he does but
vainly strive ;

His tail takes in his mouth, and, bending
like a bow

That's to full compass drawn, aloft himself
doth throw ;

Then springing at his height, as doth a
little wand

That, bended end to end, and started from
man's hand,

Far off itself doth cast ; so does the
Salmon vault ;

And if at first he fail, his second summer-
sault

He instantly essays ; and from his nimble
ring,
Still yerking, never leaves until himself he
fling
Above the opposing stream.





“



OPS and Turkeys, Carps
and Beer,

Came into England all
in a year.”







COME, live with me, and
be my love,
And we will some new
pleasures prove,
Of golden sands, and
crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whisp'ring run,
Warm'd by thy eyes more than the sun ;
And there th' enamell'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channel hath,
Most amorously to thee will swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

If thou, to be so seen, be'st loth,
By sun or moon, thou dark'nest both ;
And if mine eyes have leave to see,
I need not their light, having thee.

Let others freeze with angling-reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds ;
Or treach'rously poor fish beset
With strangling snares, or windowy net :

Let coarse bold hands, from slimy nest,
The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;
Let curious traitors sleave silk flies,
To 'witch poor wandering fishes' eyes :

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait :
That fish that is not catch'd thereby,
Is wiser far, alas ! than I.







H ! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any ;
'Tis full of pleasure,
void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by
many ;

Other joys
Are but toys ;
Only this
Lawful is ;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.





In a morning up we rise,
Ere Aurora's peeping ;
Drink a cup to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping :
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.



When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation :
Where in a brook
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take ;
There we sit
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle.



We have gentles in a horn,
We have paste and worms too ;
We can watch both night and
morn,
Suffer rain and storms too.
None do here
Use to swear ;
Oaths do fray
Fish away :
We sit still
And watch our quill ;
Fishers must not wrangle.



If the sun's excessive heat
 Make our bodies swelter,
To an osier hedge we get
 For a friendly shelter ;
 Where in a dike,
 Perch or pike,
 Roach or dace,
 We do chase,
 Bleak or gudgeon,
 Without grudging ;
We are still contented.

Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower—
Making earth our pillow :
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath :
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

JO. CHALKHILL.





AIL! blest estate of lowli-
ness !

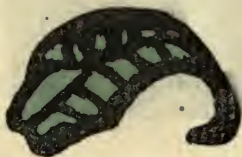
Happy enjoyments of
such minds,

As, rich in self-con-
tentedness,

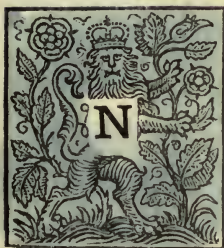
Can, like the reeds in
roughest winds,

By yielding make that blow but small,

At which proud oaks and cedars fall.







O empty hopes, no courtly
fears him fright ;

No begging wants his
middle fortune bite ;

But sweet content exiles
both misery and spite.

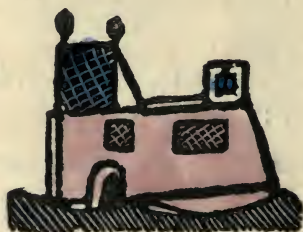
His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets and rich content;
The smooth-leav'd beeches in the field
receive him,

With coolest shade, till noontide's heat
be spent :

His life is neither toss'd in boisterous seas,
Or the vexatious world, or lost in slothful
ease :

Pleas'd and full bless'd he lives, when he
his God can please.

His bed, more safe than soft, yields quiet
sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse
hath place ;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face ;
His humble house or poor state ne'er
torment him—
Less he could like, if less his God had
lent him ;
And when he dies, green turfs do for a tomb
content him.



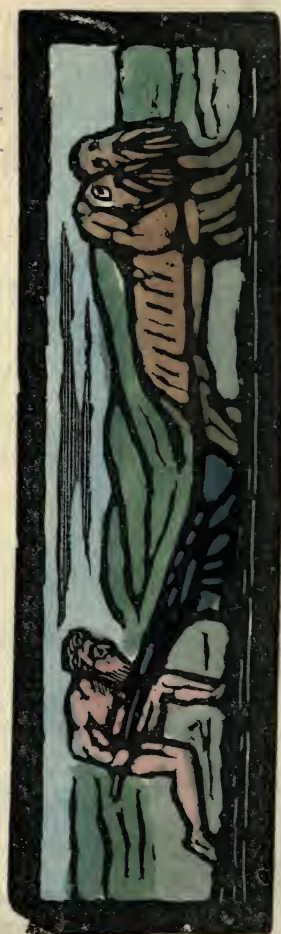


MAN'S life is but vain,
For 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short
as a bubble ;
'Tis a hodgepodge of
business,

And money, and care ;
And care, and money, and trouble.
But we'll take no care
When the weather proves fair :
Nor will we vex
Now though it rain ;
We'll banish all sorrow,
And sing till to-morrow,
And angle and angle again.

What is Man?







MUSIC ! miraculous rhetoric ! that speakest sense

Without a tongue, excellent eloquence ;

With what ease might thy errors be excus'd,

Wert thou as truly lov'd as thou'rt abus'd !
But though dull souls neglect, and some reprove thee,

I cannot hate thee, 'cause the angels love thee.





WHILST I listen to thy
voice,

Chloris, I feel my heart
decay :

That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away ;

Oh ! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound !

Peace, Chloris, peace ; or singing die,
That together you and I

To heaven may go ;

For all we know

Of what the blessèd do above

Is—that they sing and that they love.







Y rod and my line, my
float and my lead,

My hook and my plum-
met, my whetstone
and knife,

My basket, my baits
both living and dead,

My net and my meat, for that is the
chief:

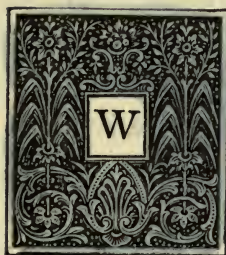
Then I must have thread, and hairs green
and small,

With mine angling-purse—and so you
have all.





Tot campos, etc.



E saw so many woods and
princely bowers,

Sweet fields, brave
palaces, and stately
towers ;

So many gardens dress'd
with curious care,

That Thames with royal Tiber may
compare.





OUR floods' queen, Thames,
for ships and swans is
crown'd ;

And stately Severn for
her shore is prais'd ;

The crystal Trent, for
fords and fish renown'd ;

And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is
rais'd.

Carlegion Chester vaunts her holy Dee ;
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell ;
The Peak her Dove, whose banks so
fertile be,

And Kent will say her Medway doth
excel.

Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame ;
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's
fair flood ;
Our western parts extol their Willy's fame ;
And the old Lea brags of the Danish
blood.







UIVERING fears, heart-
tearing cares,
Anxious sighs, untimely
tears,

Fly, fly to Courts,
Fly to fond world-

lings' sports,

Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glosing
still,

And grief is forc'd to laugh against her will ;
Where mirth's but mummary,
And sorrows only real be.



Fly, from our country pastimes, fly,
Sad troops of human misery ;
 Come, serene looks,
 Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles
 to see
The rich attendance on our poverty ;
 Peace and a secure mind,
 Which all men seek, we only find.

Abusèd mortals ! did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts
 grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in these bowers ;
Where winds, sometimes, our woods perhaps
 may shake,
But blustering care could never tempest
 make ;
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.



Here's no fantastic mask nor dance,
But of our kids that frisk and prance ;
 Nor wars are seen,
 Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one the
 other—
Which done, both bleating run, each to his
 mother ;
 And wounds are never found,
 Save what the ploughshare gives
 the ground.

Here are no entrapping baits,
To hasten too, too hasty fates,
 Unless it be
 The fond credulity
Of silly fish, which (worldling-like) still
 look
Upon the bait, but never on the hook ;
 Nor envy, 'less among
 The birds, for prize of their sweet
 song.

Go, let the diving negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek :

 We all pearls scorn,

 Save what the dewy morn

Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as
they pass ;

 And gold ne'er here appears,

 Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest silent groves ! O may you be
For ever mirth's best nursery !

 May pure contents

 For ever pitch their tents

Upon these downs, these meads, these
rocks, these mountains,

And peace still slumber by these purling
fountains,

 Which we may every year

 Meet, when we come a-fishing here !





AREWELL ye gilded
follies, pleasing
troubles !

Farewell ye honour'd
rags, ye glorious
bubbles !

Fame's but a hollow

echo—Gold, pure clay—

Honour, the darling but of one short day—

Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd
skin—

State, but a golden prison to live in

And torture free-born minds—Embroider'd
trains

Merely but pageants for proud swelling
veins—

And blood allied to greatness is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd, nor our own.

Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood,
and birth,

Are but the fading blossoms of the
earth.



Izaak

I would be great, but that the sun doth
still

Level his rays against the rising hill—

I would be high, but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-
stroke—

I would be rich, but see men (too unkind)
Dig in the bowels of the richest mind—

I would be wise, but that I often see
The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes
free—



Walton:

I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud—
I would be poor, but know the humble
grass

Still trampled on by each unworthy ass—
Rich hated—Wise suspected—Scorn'd if
poor—

Great fear'd—Fair tempted—High still
envied more :

I have wish'd all ; but now I wish for
neither,

Great, High, Rich, Wise, nor Fair—Poor
I'll be rather.





Would the World now adopt me for her
heir—

Would Beauty's queen entitle me the fair—
Fame speak me Fortune's minion—could
I vie

Angels with India—with a speaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, strike
justice dumb,

As well as blind and lame; or give a
tongue.





To stones by epitaphs—be call'd "great
master,"

In the loose rhymes of every poetaster—
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wise, all in superlatives—
Yet I more freely would these gifts resign,
Than ever Fortune would have made them
mine;

And hold one minute of this holy leisure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleasure!





Welcome, pure thoughts! Welcome, ye
silent groves!

These guests, these courts, my soul most
dearly loves!

Now the wing'd people of the sky shall
sing

My cheerful anthems to the gladsome
spring :

A prayer-book now, shall be my looking-
glass,

In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.



Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace
cares,

No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced
fears;

Then here I'll sit, and sigh my hot love's
folly,

And learn t'affect an holy melancholy :

And if Contentment be a stranger,—then
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven,
again.







Newly set forth and Adorn'd with

SCULPTURES

curiously engraven by

JOSEPH CRAWHALL,

Author of

"The Compleatest Angling Book that ever
was writ";

"Border Notes and Mixty-Maxy";

"Chaplets from Coquetside";

"Chap-book Chaplets";

"Olde ffrendes with newe Faces."







Imprynted at
Ye Leadenhalle Presse,
50, Leadenhall Street,
London, E.C.



field & Tuer

LONDON



Now Ready.] [In One Thick 4^{to} Vol. 25/.

As the many hundreds of illustrations are all hand-coloured, the issue is necessarily limited.

Olde ffrendes

wyth newe Faces.

Adorn'd with futable *SCVLPTVRES*.

TABLE of the matter herein contain'd: I.—The louing Ballad of Lord Bateman. II.—A true relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal. III.—The Long Pack: A Northumbrian Tale. IV.—The Sword Dancers. V.—John Cunningham, the Pastoral Poet. VI.—Ducks & Green Peas, or the Newcastle Rider: a Tale in Rhyme. VII.—Ducks and Green Peas: a Farce. VIII.—Andrew Robinson Stoney Bowes, Esquire. IX.—The Gloamin' Buchte.

LONDON: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marshall & Co.;
Hamilton, Adams & Co.

NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

Now Ready.] [In One Thick 4^{to} Vol. 25/.

As the many hundreds of illustrations are all hand-coloured, the issue is necessarily limited.

CRAWHALL'S Chap-book Chaplets.

Adorn'd with futable *SCVLPTVRES*.

TABLE of the matter herein contain'd: I.—The Barkshire Lady's Garland. II.—The Babes in the Wood. III.—I Know what I know. IV.—Jemmy & Nancy of Yarmouth. V.—The Taming of a Shrew. VI.—Blew-cap for me. VII.—John & Joan. VIII.—George Barnewel.

LONDON: Field & Tuer; Simpkin, Marshall & Co.;
Hamilton, Adams & Co.

NEW YORK: Scribner & Welford.

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshes Stories

Fysshie Stories

Fysshie Stories

Mysshe Stories
I don't believe.

